



柏楊詩

柏楊◎著

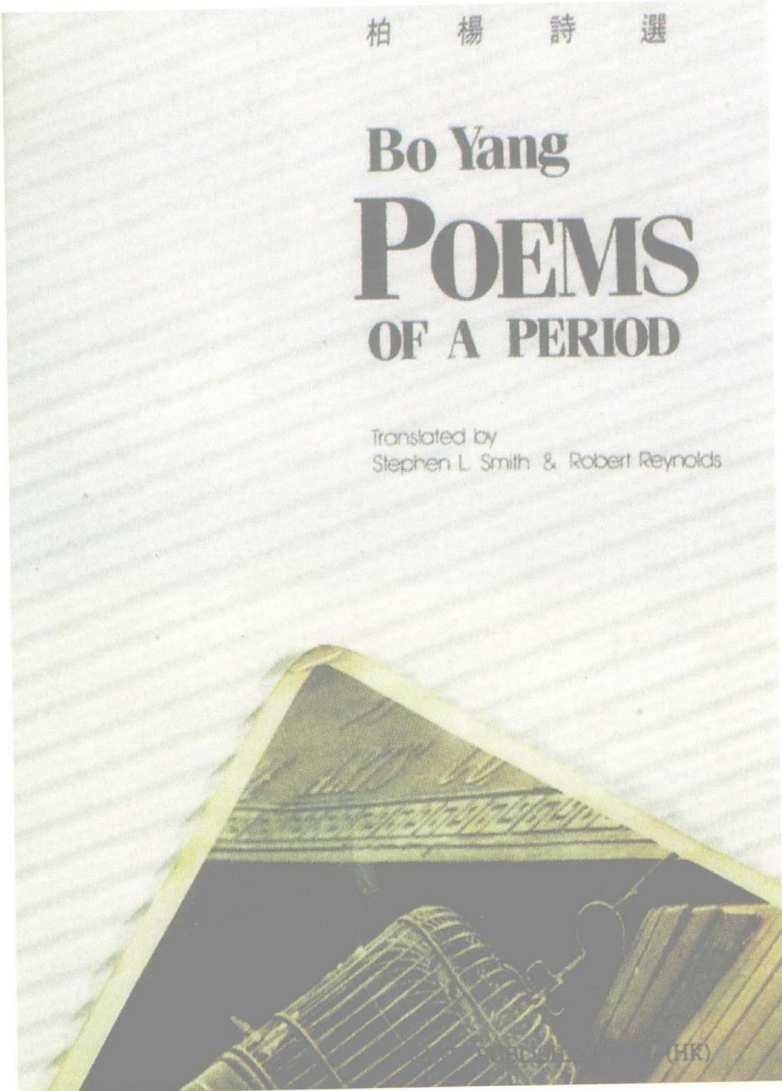


一九八二年，
 《柏楊詩抄》出版。
 一九八六年，
 英譯本 Bo Yang POEMS OF A PERIOD 出版。
 一九九一年，
 國際桂冠詩人聯合協會將一座桂冠，
 頒給柏楊，
 這是詩壇的一項最高榮耀。
 翌年，一九九二年，
 柏楊夫人張香華也獲該年國際桂冠詩人獎。
 二〇〇一年，
 《柏楊詩抄》更名為《柏楊詩》，重新出版，
 並收入《柏楊全集》中。
 回顧前塵，往事歷歷，感慨殊深。
 圖為《柏楊詩抄》之各式版本。
 （徐志初／攝影）

柏 楊 詩 選

Bo Yang
POEMS
OF A PERIOD

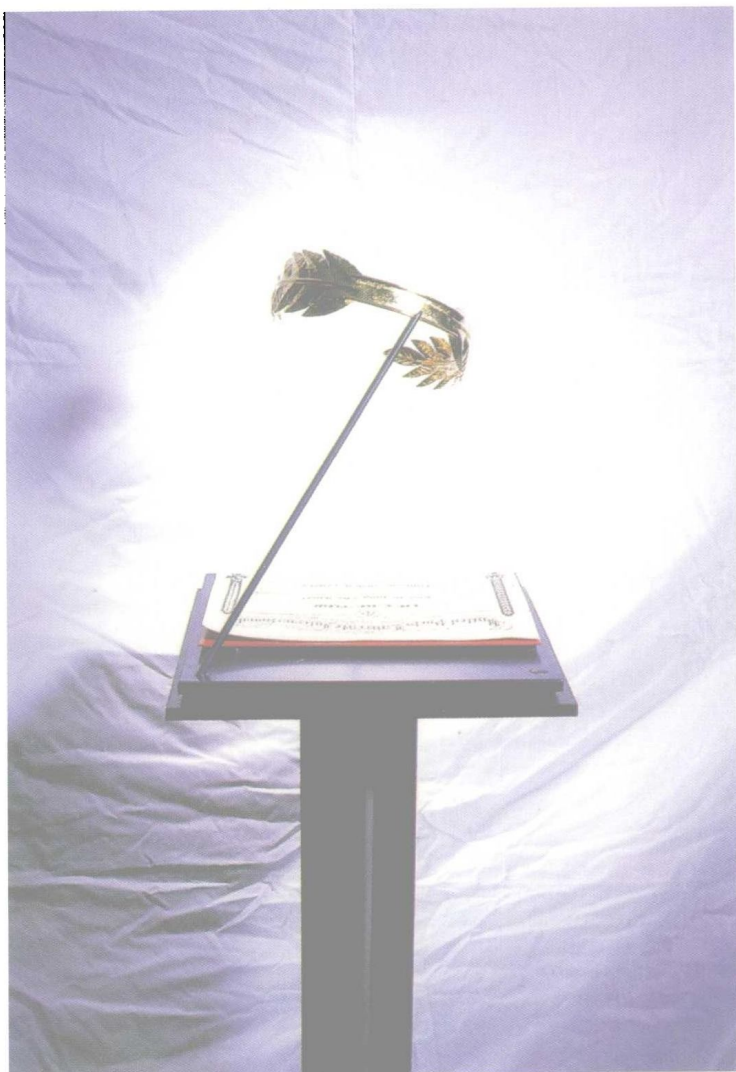
Translated by
Stephen L. Smith & Robert Reynolds



《柏楊詩抄》英譯本書影。



一九九一年，柏楊榮獲國際桂冠詩人。圖為該協會頒贈的桂冠及證書。



桂冠及證書又一圖。

柏楊精選集

柏楊精選集②⑧

柏楊詩

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封面內頁：附贈「我愛的人在火燒島上」音樂會現場錄影 VCD

柏楊詩

內頁插圖／裘沙·裘大力·王偉軍
插圖提供／柏楊

詩人的祈禱

柏 楊

——一九九二年八月五日於美國鳳凰城國際桂冠詩人聯合協會致詞

當協會主席班傑明·于松先生 (Benjamin R. Yuzon) 通知我被選為國際桂冠詩人的時候，我被這一項突如其來的榮耀震驚，因為我從沒有想到在許多年前一段悲慘歲月中，寫下的詩篇，會在我生命中發出這樣的光芒，尤其會長先生給我的通知書上，指出我的詩集——英譯的 *POEMS OF A PERIOD*，是「一個天賦作家根據真實經驗的監獄文學，其中充滿堅定的指控和歷史研究。」這一段褒獎的話，特別喚醒我沉重的回顧。

中國的優秀作家和詩人，跟世界上對人類文明有貢獻的其他國家的作家和詩人一樣，總是走在時代的前面，不願犧牲自己的良知、不願屈服於權勢、不願為世俗的榮耀或利益，甘心在專制獨裁者之下，當一個被閹割過的宦官。這些作家和詩人常常驚世駭俗，寫出由性靈轉化而成的作品，每一個字都是智慧的火花，強烈而耀眼，在人們腦海中產生震盪，於是不可避免的，冒犯了專制獨裁者，或者雖無意冒犯，而只是不屑於奉承，但得到結果卻都一樣。作家和詩人心中只有博愛與和平，追求的只是平等，從法律平等到人格平等。然而，這種特質卻是專制獨裁者最畏懼的炸彈，他們因畏懼而憤怒——憤怒作家和詩人暴露他鄙賤的一面，嚴重的傷害了他們的自尊，他們要人民一致認為他們是英明的、勇敢的，而且永遠不

會犯錯。所以，任何形式的專制獨裁者，都像一個黑社會的頭子，爲了防止自己醜惡面的暴露，往往採用「殺人滅口」的手段。於是，誣陷、逮捕、下獄、處決，甚至屠滅全族。在中國，作家和詩人是一種最危險的行業，所受專制獨裁者的摧殘，每個時代都會發生。不過也產生一種現象，迫害成爲檢驗人格的標準，官方越重視的作家和詩人，人民越輕視，這些被稱爲「搖尾作家」「搖尾詩人」、「御用作家」「御用詩人」的人，他們的作品也越卑屈墮落。而官方越迫害的作家和詩人，人民越是敬重，這種極端對立的發展，就文學本身來說，是一種畸型生態，但它卻一直存在。

所有專制獨裁者的內心，都充滿了自卑情結，一首被世人讚揚的詩，會引起專制獨裁者的嫉妒。一首純感情的詩，也會觸怒專制獨裁者的神經。專制獨裁者對作家和詩人的畏懼，說明作家和詩人的力量。協會的宗旨「透過詩歌的友愛與和平」，就是我們努力的方向。

我個人的悲劇發生在本（二十）世紀六〇、七〇年代，它是中國從傳統的醬缸文化中轉化爲世界性民主、人權、自由、平等的巨變中，一個不可避免發生的獻祭。我曾遭受逮捕、拷打、凌辱、囚禁，長達九年二十六天，但國民黨也終於結束了它一黨獨大的專制統治，開始步向五千年從未有過的民主自由社會，然而，就十一億全體中國人來說，我們還有很長遠的路要繼續爭取和努力。

我本來要親自到鳳凰城出席協會，但因爲目前必須遵照醫生指示，不適宜長途旅行，所以請允許由我的妻子張香華，她也是一位詩人，代我出席向各位致謝，也特別請求各國詩人

朋友，本着你們對人類的愛心和對和平的追求，繼續賜給中國人祝福。

一九九二年九月台北《文訊雜誌》

A Poet's Hope

Bo Yang

—Remarks at a meeting of United Poets Laureate International on August 5,
1992

I was taken totally by surprise when Benjamin Yuzon notified me that I had been named a poet laureate for *Poems of a Period*, because I had never imagined that these poems, written many years ago during a very bleak period in my life, would one day bring such an honor. In his notification letter, Mr. Yuzon wrote, "A gifted writer has turned out a work of prison literature based on his own personal experience. It is filled with unflinching accusation and rigorous historical scholarship." I thank Mr. Yuzon for his kind words of praise, but I must say that they triggered a flood of painful memories for me.

In China, as in any country that has made a contribution to human civilization, the most talented writers and poets are always ahead of their times. They are unwilling to go against their own conscience, or knuckle under to those in power. They are not enticed by the meretricious fame and fortune that go to those willing to undergo "moral castration" in service of despots. Writers and poets shock conventional sensibilities with works that rise above the commonplace.

Every word is a spark of wisdom, dazzling to the eye and unsettling to the mind. Such authors inevitably offend despotic rulers. In some cases the offense is not intentional, but only comes about because the author is unwilling to stoop to sycophancy. The result is the same in any case. For such writers and poets, nothing matters but brotherhood and peace. They seek only equality, not only under the law, but also in every man's heart. For the despot, however, this attitude is a bomb more fearsome than any other. And when a despot is afraid, he becomes furious with writers and poets for exposing his darker side, and for striking a blow to his self-respect. The despot wants everyone to regard him as wise, noble, brave, and infallible. Every despot in this way resembles an underworld boss, for he will do whatever it takes to silence anyone who would expose the ugly side of his nature. His methods include slander, arrest, imprisonment, execution, and even the extermination of entire family lines. In China, writers and poets pursue one of the most hazardous occupations of all, and they have suffered oppression in every period of our history. It turns out, however, that the degree to which an author is oppressed becomes the yardstick by which his integrity is measured. The more a writer is praised by the authorities, the more he is looked down upon in the streets. The more these "tail-wagging writers" and "tail-wagging poets" are praised by officialdom, the more worthless are the works they put out. The more a writer or poet is hounded by the authorities, the more he is respected by the people. This

paradox is a grotesque outgrowth upon the face of literature, but it is a reality that we have always lived with.

Every despot has a strong sense of personal inferiority. A poem that receives widespread acclaim will spark jealousy on his part. A poem that expresses pure feelings can strike a raw nerve with a despot. The fact that the despot fears writers and poets is proof of the power they wield. The motto of United Poets Laureate speaks of "the spirit of friendship and peace that is transmitted through poetry." That is precisely what we work for.

My personal tragedy occurred in the 1960s and 70s. Taiwan was in transition. It was moving away from a traditional Chinese world of moral ambiguity, which I have described as a "soy sauce vat" for its ability to stain one and all. In the 1960s and 70s, Taiwan was beginning to embrace the universal values of democracy, human rights, freedom, and equality. I was a sacrifice on the altar of social change. This sort of sacrifice was inevitable. I was arrested, tortured, abused, and deprived of my freedom for nine years and 26 days, but the Nationalist Party eventually loosened its iron grip on power and embarked on a path that has led to the first democratic society that has ever existed in 5,000 years of Chinese history. But this democracy is not yet enjoyed by all of the 1.1 billion Chinese people on the planet. We still have a long struggle ahead of us.

I had originally wanted to go to Phoenix to attend this event in person, but my doctor has advised me not to take any long trips, so I have asked my wife, Chang Hsiang-hua, to accept the award in my place. I humbly beg your understanding. She is also a poet in her own right.

In closing, as poets filled with love for humanity and a desire for peace, I would also like to ask that all of you continue to support the Chinese people in their struggle to build a brighter future.

代序：我愛的人在火燒島上

張香華

有一個島嶼

有一首歌

有一個我愛的人

過去，他曾經出現在我的夢中

那時，我在海上掙扎

救生艇的木槳折斷了

我隨處飄泊

找不到島嶼

聽不見歌

遇不着我愛的人

我愛的人在火燒島上

沒有美麗的青山、溪流